





## A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE

By RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

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## CHAPTER XV. continued.

Virginia showed her gratitude in her face, and the detective went away. From the farm he went to the house of Dr. Snow and was fortunate enough to find him at home, though he had just returned from a visit to Miss Marvel, whom he reported as slightly improved. Mr. Barnes proceeded to ask a few questions of the old physician about the people most nearly concerned with the crime and its consequences. Finally he said:

"There is a question that I would like to ask, doctor. Would a man's fingers swell or would they shrink after death?"

"That would depend upon the circumstances of the case. If the death were from dropsy or from some poisons, they would swell, but ordinarily of course they would shrink. Again, the time has something to do with it, for in all cases the tissues must waste eventually."

"Since there is some doubt about it, I must give you a specific case. Take the body of Mr. Lewis, for example. Would you expect any shrinking of his fingers?"

"I think I should, though they may not have done so to any considerable extent in the few days which have elapsed."

"They would not have swollen?"

"No, I am positive that they would not."

"Thank you, doctor; you have settled an important point for me. When the trial comes on, please remember this interview, in case you should be questioned about it on the witness stand."

"I will testify, of course, though as yet I cannot see what it is that you are trying to prove."

"Pardon me if I say no more at this time. I must think only of the interests which I am serving, and I deem it wisest to wait quietly, as yet. Will you oblige me by not mentioning this to any one?"

"I will be discreet, since you seem to think it is important."

Leaving the doctor's house, Mr. Barnes went to the bridge from which Marvel claimed that he had thrown the bundle of clothing. Looking over the edge, into the water, he concluded that on whichever side it had been thrown the bundle must have been carried by the current toward the dam; otherwise it would have been found on the banks, which were shelving on the south side of the bridge.

Next he left the bridge and went to the side of the stream south of the dam, and from that point studied the apparent conditions. "Well," thought he, "if Marvel had sought for a place to lose a thing he could not have chosen better." This conclusion was most probable, for he saw a large number of enormous boulders of jagged rock projecting from the water, which is shallow as it passes over the stones, and these rough projections made innumerable eddies and smaller currents. A bundle of clothing might easily be caught and held among these rocks and held there against all time, or at least long enough to be of no practical value to Walter Marvel.

The detective saw that he had almost a hopeless task to make this river yield up its secret, if indeed it held one. However, he was not a man easily daunted by obstacles, and he determined to make an attempt that night. He chose the night for his experiment, deeming it wisest to make the conditions as nearly as possible similar to those under which the accused had acted. He thought that the currents among these rocks might be different at night, as then the mills would not be working. He closely examined the dam and conceived a new idea. The dam was made of wood, and as its construction must be known to you in order that you may understand the course pursued by Mr. Barnes it becomes necessary to describe it.

The bridge is about 100 feet south of the point where the water goes over the dam. Standing on this bridge, one notices a smooth body of water flowing toward the place where it rushed over the dam, but he forms no idea of the power of the current from this point of view. On the line where the stream dashes downward he sees some boards projecting above the surface from each side of the river toward the center for a distance equal to one-quarter of the width of the stream. Between these points where the dam rises above the level the water rushes over the dam, which is two feet lower along the center than at the sides. Going below the dam—that is, to the north of it—one easily sees how it is constructed. Immense triangles of timber are laid along the rocks, resting on the lower sides. Thus their hypotenuses face the south, and on them are nailed the boards which form the dam. Therefore, as the water rushes over, there is a space under the dam where it is comparatively dry—at least, no great amount of water finds its way there, as only what leaks through drips down.

It was while looking at this space that the new idea occurred to the detective. In order to turn the mill wheels, sluices are built which conduct the water in the desired direction. When these are open, it is evident that a strong current sets in the direction of the mill. This is so powerful and there is such a smother downward that objects on the surface would be drawn below and carried into the mill, were it not that the sluice gates are furnished with gratings to keep out such jetsam. Studying this point, it became evident to the detective that if the sluices were open on Sunday night, the bundle of clothing must be looked for at three gratings.

He therefore went to the mill and asked for the man who had the care of the sluices. From him he learned that they had been closed on the night of the murder, and then persuaded him to have them closed this evening also, so that the conditions might be the same.

Leaving the vicinity of the mill, he went back to Mr. Lewis and enjoyed his supper with Miss Lewis. After the meal he said:

"Where is Mr. Lewis? Is he not staying here?"

"He accepted an invitation to visit the squirrel tonight."

"All the better, the fewer people who

know what I do tonight the more pleased I shall be. Now, then, I want a suit of your uncle's clothing; old ones will do."

"I will get what you want," Virginia left the room, returning a few minutes later with some clothing. The detective placed the articles in a pile of water, allowing them to become thoroughly wet before he removed them. Next he rolled them into a compact bundle, which he tied securely.

"I am now ready for my experiment. My idea is to go to the bridge and throw that bundle over, as Marvel claims that he did, and then see what happens of it. I am sorry that I cannot ask him at just what point he did this, but I must do the best I can without this knowledge. The probability is that he tossed the bundle over as soon as he got on the bridge and with his right hand. Therefore it would have thrown it over on the side nearest the dam. At any rate, that is what I shall do."

"I see what your idea is and am anxious to have the experiment tried. Shall we go at once?"

"No, I cannot tell what difference the hour may make on the currents, and so many days after they may be totally different. However, I shall go at the same hour as he did. At least it will insure our not being observed. Besides, I wish if possible to see Eversley, and I think he will return before 11 o'clock."

"You will wait till that hour?"

"Yes. You left Marvel at the river and reached your room at 10:30. He came here after that, then went to his own house and back to the bridge, where he must have arrived at or about 11:30."

The evening passed slowly, most of the time being consumed by these two in a discussion of the subject which absorbed their minds, until, at about a quarter to 11, a horse's hoofs sounded without, and a moment later they were joined by Will Eversley.

"Well," said the detective, "what news?"

"I found Alusley and through him was enabled to see the locket."

"Very good! What is the inscription?"

"Simply 'W. M.' The word 'to' does not appear, and the letters are so close together there is no chance that it ever was there. It occurred to me that it may have been and have become worn out, but that is impossible."

As this hope was dispelled Virginia seemed much disappointed.

"What do you think now, Mr. Barnes?" said she. "This is discouraging, is it not?"

"Do you know if your mother had more than one name?"

"I cannot be certain, but I never heard of any other except 'Mildred.'"

"Still she may have had another, and it may have been 'William' or some other with 'W.' for the initial. We must look that up. If the initials are hers, it will answer our purpose as well. Now we will start on the other errand. Mr. Eversley, you may come with us if you wish. We are going to try to recover the clothes which Marvel says he threw over the bridge."

"I should like to go with you, but I doubt if you will succeed. Young Mr. Lewis inaugurated a regular search, and besides I went myself and looked thoroughly more than once after the fiasco. I think I should have made up a bundle for them to find, only I could not supply the locket which he said is in the pocket."

"No, no! We must not resort to manufacturing any evidence. If Marvel is guilty, he must suffer, but if he is innocent he must be saved. Let us work only for the truth." So saying, he took up the bundle of wet clothing and started. Virginia and Eversley followed in silence, neither of them relishing the last speech of the detective, however just they knew it to be. The trio soon reached their destination, and Mr. Barnes stopped at a point near the rail.

"Here," said he, "if my calculations are correct, is the place from which I think Marvel must have thrown his bundle. I will now explain to you what I expect will happen. I have soaked my bundle, because his was wet. If dry, the clothes would float nearer to the surface of the water and would soon be hurried over the dam, as the current here is very rapid. But being wet, and therefore more weighty, this bundle will float below the surface, if at all."

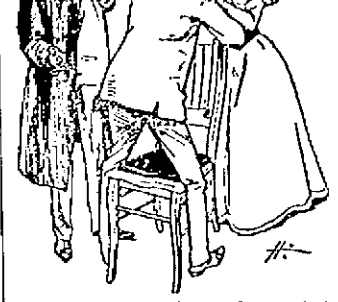
His companions listened with much interest. He continued: "I will now commence my experiment. Fortunately the moon is bright and we can see easily. First, I will take a piece of wood."

He looked about and soon found a large, heavy piece of timber near the sawmill. Approaching the rail he said, "Now I will throw this over, and you will see that it will be carried, first, against the bearding which projects above the level, and then be swept toward the center and over." He let it drop and the result was exactly as he had predicted. "That much was easily foreseen. But my next may not be so accurate, for it is not a surmise on my part. My idea is this: That wood went over readily. But with a bundle of clothing it may be different. If it is first taken against the projecting portion, and then drawn toward the center, it will go over more slowly than if carried directly. Now, if the weight is sufficient to hold it some distance below the surface, and there are any ragged edges to the woodwork of the dam, the cloth would most likely catch on them. In that case it would not fall into the stream below, but would remain suspended while, finally dropping into the space under the dam. Mr. Eversley, you will go around to the other side, so that in case it does go over you can see where the currents take it."

Everly at once obeyed, and, receiving the signal that he was in his position, Mr. Barnes dropped his bundle. Virginia scarcely breathed, so great was her anxiety as to the outcome of the trial. As in the first experiment, the bundle, which could just be seen as it floated below the surface, drifted straight to the projecting ridge, thence slowly it went toward the center, where it remained stationary for a moment. This moment seemed an age to the girl. She almost thought that her lover's fate depended on that bundle of clothing. At last it moved again, and slid over, partly disappearing, but, as had been predicted, it seemed to catch and remain hanging. Virginia was about to utter an exclamation of joy when, to her dismay, it was forced from its slender hold and carried down into the rapids below.

Virginia uttered a groan as she thought the experiment had failed.

"Come, come," said Mr. Barnes reassuringly, "what did you expect? Surely not that my bundle would drop on top of the other? That would have been miraculous. You noticed that, as I predicted, it caught on the edge. Per-



He laid before the delighted gaze of the others a locket.

haps the other dropped below, even though mine did not. I may have tied my parcel tighter than the other, and so have left less chance for the cloth to be caught. Come below, and we will search under the dam. Let us see what Eversley will report."

Virginia accompanied him, but when they reached the spot where Eversley had just been seen by them he was nowhere in sight. His coat and hat, however, were on the bank, and from this the detective concluded that the young man, in his zeal, had entered the stream in pursuit of the bundle, and Mr. Barnes decided to await his return before proceeding further with his plan. As the minutes passed, however, first Virginia and then Mr. Barnes himself became alarmed at Eversley's prolonged absence, and he was about to make some search when a loud shout arrested their attention. It came from the direction of the dam, and Mr. Barnes realized at once that Eversley, instead of following the bundle which had just been thrown over, had gone under the dam in search of the original one. A few moments later he was seen emerging from among the timbers which supported the dam, presenting a very wretched and bedraggled appearance. He held a large bundle in his hands and exclaimed as he came toward them:

"God bless you, Mr. Barnes, you were right. As soon as I saw your bundle catch I could not wait, but taking off my coat I went under the dam and searched for what we were after. What is more, I found it not ten feet from the side of where yours would have fallen had it dropped."

"You have done well, and if this is really the bundle that Marvel threw over you have repaid your debt to him and saved his life."

Virginia and Eversley were anxious to open the bundle at once, but the detective would not permit it until they should reach home.

"We might lose the locket here in the road," said he, "and, besides, Mr. Eversley is all wet." So they were guided by him and returned to the farm, where the detective insisted on a change of garments for Eversley before he would examine the bundle. When it was opened, Virginia claimed that she recognized the clothes as those worn by Marvel on the night of the murder. Mr. Barnes next searched the pockets of the coat, which Marvel had designated as the garment wherein he had placed the medalion, and withdrawing his hand laid before the delighted gaze of the others a locket, the exact counterpart of the one found in the hand of the corpse.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. BARNES ON THE SCENE.

As soon as it was settled beyond all doubt that the clothes and locket found under the dam were the ones on which the fate of Walter Marvel depended, Mr. Barnes was all activity again.

"Now," said he, speaking rapidly, "there is not a moment to lose. We have saved the innocent, but we must yet find the guilty, and he has a week to start of us. How soon can I get away from this town?"

"A train passes Lee Depot at 1 o'clock. You have three-quarters of an hour in which to catch it. My horse and wagon are at your disposal, of course."

"Thank you, Mr. Eversley. You must drive me to the station. Before I go I will give you some instructions, though, on the whole, all I wish is that you two will not tell any one of what we have found until you hear from me again."

"But while you are gone must Walter remain in prison?" asked Virginia.

"It will not hurt him. Neither of you must go to him, for if you do you might betray what I wish kept secret. Do you promise?"

"But may I not tell Alice that her brother is safe? She is desperately ill, and I fear that she may lose her reason if she does not soon hear that there is no danger threatening Walter."

Mr. Barnes considered a moment and then said:

"If you find it necessary, you may tell her that your uncle, Mr. Lewis, is not dead."

"Not dead!" exclaimed his two auditors in a breath.

"Yes, tell her that he is not dead. That will certainly relieve her mind."

"But how can I explain that when she knows to the contrary?"

"You must exercise your ingenuity. Tell her that there has been a mistake as to the identity of the corpse, or anything that occurs to your mind, only do not tell her about the finding of this bundle. I do not wish Mr. Burrows to know what I have done, for fear that he may make trouble for me and perhaps defeat the ends of justice. Now I must be off. Use your judgment, and, above all things, whatever you do tell your good friend, keep it from getting out. Stick! Trust me!"

Mr. Barnes was fortunate in finding a train to meet him as he pursued his way to New York by a circuitous route. The one which he boarded at Lee took him as far as Worcester and thence he went on to Albany, knowing that from that point he could easily reach New York. As it was, he arrived in that city before noon on the following day. Leaving the train he hurriedly proceeded up town to Washington Heights. Con-

ing his memorandum book, he turned a few pages, then paused at one which contained the following address:

"John Lewis, Esq. Care T. Jamison, Washington Heights, N. Y."

This he had obtained from Burrows, to whom, it will be remembered, had been shown three letters by John Lewis, who claimed that they had been written to him by his father while he was at school. Mr. Barnes made inquiries and very readily found that Mr. Jamison kept a large boarding school for boys and that he had done so for the last 80 years. Receiving the correct address, he at once proceeded to the schoolhouse and was soon in the presence of a pleasant old man.

"Good morning, Mr. Jamison," began Mr. Barnes. "I am looking for a man who has recently inherited some property, but he cannot be found. He is supposed to be dead and probably is. The case therefore stands thus: If he had a son, that son would inherit, but if not the property goes elsewhere. I have heard that he did have a son, who was for some time at your school, and so I have ventured to trouble you, hoping that you might be able to assist me."

"I am at your service, and if you will give me the name I will look over my books and see what I can find."

"The name is John Lewis, and it is about 14 or 15 years since the lad was supposed to be here. Moreover, it may help you to remember him if I tell you that it is further supposed that he ran away from school and went to sea."

"I am afraid you have been misinformed," said the schoolmaster, shaking his venerable head. "Nothing of that kind ever occurred here. I do not recall such a name of a pupil, but I knew a man of that name once and have good reason to remember him."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"Certainly. Now let me see. It must have been about the very time that you mention, though I could give you the exact date, a gentleman called here and wished to see the school. He said that he had a son whom he wished to place in a military institution such as this. His name was Lewis. After I had explained our methods to him he went away, promising to call again. This he did, and on his second visit he told me that his son had refused to go to a military academy, and that he had placed him elsewhere. However, he seemed very much interested in the school and made several suggestions as to improvements. When I explained to him that there were no funds for such purpose, he generously offered to pay any bills that might be incurred. I protested at first, but he persisted. He even came here himself to superintend the alterations."

"You say that he lived here a short time?"

"Yes, about a month."

"Can you tell me whether his mail was received here?"

"Oh, yes. He was a stranger in the city and had no other address while he was here. So of course his letters came to the academy."

"While he was with you did his son ever come to visit him?"

"No, I never saw the boy, but he constantly spoke of his son, and if he is the party for whom you are looking I have no doubt that he has or had a son. That seems to be the fact which you wished to substantiate, I believe?"

"Yes, that is all that I wish, except that I would like to find the son. However, as you cannot aid me there, I bid you good morning, and I thank you for your courtesy."

Leaving the academy, Mr. Barnes walked as far as the nearest station of the elevated railroad and went down town to Grand street; thence he walked to the office of the Norfolk line of steamers. Addressing the clerk, he said:

"Do you keep a passenger list?"

"Well, hardly that, in the strict sense of the term. But we keep the names of all who take staterooms."

"Can you let me see that list for last Saturday night's steamer?"

The list was handed to him, and he carefully ran his finger over the column until it rested on the name "Walter Marvel." He copied the number of the stateroom assigned, and left the dock with a smile of satisfaction. "I think I may have some dinner now," said he to himself, and he entered a restaurant where he partook of a substantial meal, after which he went to police headquarters, asked for the inspector and was at once shown into the private office of that official.

"Good morning, inspector," said Mr. Barnes. "I would like to ask whether there has been a report of any one missing in this city during this week?"

"Why, yes, three last!" The inspector eyed him keenly. "Mr. Barnes, what do you know?"

"I am working on the Lewis murder case, inspector; up in Lee, N. H., you know."

The inspector nodded, and Mr. Barnes continued:

"I have left the Pilkingtons because they permitted another man to interfere with me. If my theory be correct, I must trace a man from this city to Lee."

"If you have left the Pilkingtons," said the inspector, "I will help you. A woman reported here yesterday that her husband had been missing since last Saturday and that she feared foul play. I put a man on the case, and he has traced him as far as a sound steamer; so he is probably down your way."

"Is any name given?"

"Yes, but as you must be in a hurry, take the papers with you. I intrust the whole matter to your judgment."

Mr. Barnes thanked the inspector for this mark of confidence, and then left the building. Half an hour later he was at a fashionable up town hotel and had sent his card up to the woman named. In a few minutes more he was in her presence.

"I see by your card that you are a detective," began the woman, "and I suppose that you have brought me news of my husband."

"I would prefer not to commit myself. I might be betraying what he wishes kept private."

"Will you answer a few other questions?"

"I will answer all that I think I should."

"First, then, tell me how long your husband has been in New York."

"We arrived about two weeks before he disappeared."

"You say 'arrived.' Am I to understand that you came from abroad?"

"Yes. We have been in Europe for many years."

"Had your husband any special reason for returning to America?"

"Yes; but I cannot explain that to you further than to say that it is a purpose which for many years he has wished to accomplish."

"Why, then, did he delay the matter so long?"

"I must not tell you that." She colored deeply.

"I do not desire to appear too inquisitive, madam, but if you wish me to accomplish anything you must give me more information. Tell me this: Do you suppose that it is in pursuance of this purpose that your husband has gone out of the city?"

"I fear so."

"You fear so? Is there any danger, then, that he risks?"

"There might be. I do not know."

"Has he gone in search of an enemy?"

"I cannot say." She seemed decidedly uneasy at the questions of the detective. The latter paused a moment, considering, and then asked:

"Do you know the name of this man who is your husband's enemy?"

"I did not say that it is a man or that my husband has an enemy."

"You did not, but that is evidently the case. Now, do you happen ever to have heard of John Lewis?"

The woman started up in dismay and excitedly exclaimed:

"What do you know of that man?"

"Then you admit that you know him?"

"I know who he is, but what is it that you know, and why do you mention his name?"

"I know, madam, that your husband left this city for the east on Saturday night last and that on the following night John Lewis was murdered."

"My God! This is terrible!" cried the woman, as she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Mr. Barnes waited a moment for her to recover from her surprise and then said:

"I will tell you more. An innocent man has been arrested for the crime; and is in prison."

"How does all this interest me? Of course it shocked me to hear so suddenly that one whom I knew has been murdered, but further than that what is it to me?"

"That is what I am trying to find out. Was Mr. Lewis a friend of yours?"

"A friend? Far from it," she answered almost fiercely.

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its merits so well known that it seems a work  
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intelligent families who do not keep Castoria  
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good sleep.  
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your 'Castoria' and it has always produced a  
beneficial result."  
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## MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

Of my happy dreams of infancy  
A voice was heard in that bliss "long ago."  
Now rising sweet and clear, then soft and  
low,  
In rippling tones of wondrous melody.

All through my childhood rang that happy  
voice,  
Which fainter grew, as youth came on apace,  
Yet echoed on, when, weary of life's race,  
I heard its tones, which led my heart rejoicing.

Far from that happy home, yet not alone,  
I wander, hearing in my heart that song,  
Which lingers, guarding me from every  
wrong.

I ever hear its old, familiar tone.  
—Martha A. Kildor in New York Home Jour-

## OUR GIRLS AND BRITONS.

Why American Maidens Are Tempted to  
Wed Foreign Englishmen.

Why does the American girl marry  
the Briton? Has she any adequate jus-  
tification? Do you suppose it pays her,  
and can such a choice on her part be  
defended on large grounds as promotive  
of the greatest good of the greatest  
number? It is a fact, as has been flippantly  
suggested, that she moves to  
England to get country life, because we  
have no good roads here yet, or, on the  
contrary, can it be demonstrated that  
one reason our country roads are so bad  
is that the American girl cannot abide  
the country and promptly carries her  
man off to town at the earliest moment  
that sees his endeavors blessed with  
the necessary income? Is it her fault  
that country interests tend too much to  
fall to the care of a residuum that is  
too poor to get away, or has the country  
life not much to do one way or the  
other with her British preferences?

To be honest, there are other con-  
ceivable reasons for marrying an Eng-  
lish gentleman besides his country  
roads—they are said to be so nice in  
awhile—who can win a wife by plain,  
personal courtesy, and whom any woman  
would be justified in marrying on  
general principles and without specific  
excuses, or he may be a good "aver-  
age" sort of man whose advantage  
over his American brother is a matter  
of size or complexion or hair appear-  
ance. I have known American women  
who ventured to assert that the femi-  
nine eye rejected more in the type of  
male human that treats the pavements  
of Piccadilly and Pall Mall than in the  
contemporaneous pedestrians of Fifth  
avenue and Broadway.

Or maybe it is his superior stolidity  
that electrifies in the Briton. It is to  
be feared that there is truth in that tale  
Mr. Kipling or somebody was telling  
of how phlegmatic merchants of the  
east had discovered that the way to  
beat the American was simply to put  
him off and let him fret himself reck-  
less. Stolidity is not quite the same as  
repose, but to persons who are suffering  
from a acute death of repose it may  
appear as a tolerable substitute, so that  
one can imagine an American maid,  
worn with the restless aspirations of  
her high pressure countrymen, turning  
with sincere relief to pillow her fair  
young head upon a bosom behind which  
lurked no threat of heart failure.—  
North American Review.

## A Sparrow Prizes Dollars.

M. Mingaud, a naturalist of Nimes,  
France, gives in La Revue Scientifique,  
an interesting account of the musical  
accomplishments of a sparrow in his  
collection of living birds. He captured  
the sparrow soon after it had been  
hatched and fed it by hand until it  
could care for itself. Then he placed it  
in a cage containing a chaffinch, a gold-  
finch and two canaries. After a time  
the sparrow learned to warble like the  
finches and to trill like the canaries, the  
imitations being so perfect as to deceive  
the ear. In spring M. Mingaud was ac-  
customed to keep a box of crickets near  
his birdcage. Two days after the crickets  
had been placed near the cage contain-  
ing the sparrow the latter began to  
imitate their cry, intermingling it  
with its song. Even after the crickets  
had long been dead the sparrow remem-  
bered its lesson and continued to repeat  
their cry. None of the other birds at-  
tempted to imitate the crickets. Singu-  
larly enough, the sparrow never uttered  
the peculiar quacking cry of its own  
species, having been removed from its  
nest too early, apparently, to have  
learned it.

Much of the sulphate produced in  
England is exported to Germany, where  
it is used principally in the cultivation  
of beet root.

## ROMANCE OF A SPY.

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL WHO  
CAUSED THE FALL OF ATLANTA.

To This Day No One Knows Whether  
was Man or Woman—Said to Have Been  
an Impersonator of Male and Female  
Characters—Served the Union Cause Well.

In the spring of 1864 Atlanta, Ga.,  
was full of Johnston's officers and sol-  
diers. An uneasy feeling prevailed in  
every circle, and it was feared that the  
federals might any day make a forced  
march or a raid and surprise the city.  
Still the people faced the situation  
courageously. They had passed through  
so many dangers that they were not  
easily frightened. The soldiers looked  
on Sherman's big guns which had been  
heard forty miles away, but Atlanta  
maintained her usual serenity, out-  
wardly, and gave no sign of her secret  
misgivings.

The theatre was then on its last legs,  
but occasional performances were  
generally patronized. One of the star  
attractions in a strolling company at  
that time was a pretty black-eyed  
young woman, about twenty years old,  
who carried the town by storm.

This girl was a wonder. She was  
equally at home in tragedy and com-  
edy. She could sing and dance, and  
when she took a male part in a play  
she was a howling success.

A better all-round artist had never  
visited Atlanta, and that was the gen-  
eral verdict.  
When she told her story it excited  
sympathy. She was a creole of Louisi-  
ana, and her family had been mur-  
dered by a raiding party of Butler's  
troops. She had taken refuge in the  
confederacy, and, having no relations  
or friends, she had decided to use her  
rare dramatic gifts and earn her own  
living. The story made the pretty  
very popular, and she was patron-  
ized in a social way by leading citi-  
zens. Young officers and colonels  
showed her over the fortifications,  
which were then nearly finished. The  
creole's curiosity about such matters  
drew them the greatest possible  
pleasure to answer her questions and  
explain every doubtful point.

Several weeks rolled by, and when  
her company disbanded the actress re-  
mained in Atlanta. She established  
herself at a popular boarding house  
and told her friends that she needed a  
rest before going on the Richmond  
stage. She received a great deal of  
attention and was practically the belle  
of the army. The lines were closing  
around the city, but the creole charm-  
er still lingered. The officers of John-  
ston's army were at her feet. They  
sent her costly presents and every day  
they might have been seen riding  
with her along the lines of breast-  
works.

Suddenly the actress disappeared.  
The military men were nearly crazy  
because they could not trace her. The  
ladies of the city did not seem to  
regret her departure. In fact, they  
hinted that she was better than she  
should be. The month of June slipped  
by and there were no tidings from the  
missing one. Then came July, and  
with it the beginning of the siege.

As such a critical time people soon  
forgot the favorite of the footlights,  
and at the end of forty days' shelling  
people were thinking of far more im-  
portant matters. The siege was over  
at last and the federals marched in.

One fine morning a Western corps  
commander, with his staff, rode  
through the city and took a look at the  
fortifications. At his side was a small,  
dark-faced, black-eyed young man,  
who acted as his guide and pointed out  
various things of interest. A promi-  
nent Atlanta man met this youngster  
face to face, and his surprise caused  
him to stand almost paralyzed in his  
tracks. He was the pretty actress who  
had turned the heads of so many of-  
ficers! The stranger's eyes met those  
of the Atlanta man and snapped vic-  
lously. Then a mocking smile spread  
over his pliant face, and his glance  
was plainly one of recognition. The  
Georgian spoke guardedly to several  
of Sherman's officers, but they gave very  
little satisfaction. Finally it was  
learned that he was a famous person-  
ality of the French stage in New York City.  
But was he a man or a woman? No-  
body could answer this question; but,  
he or she, as the case might be, was  
one of the most successful spies who  
had ever served the Union cause. The  
mystery of this person's sex remained  
unsolved.

## TWICE WIDOWED BY MISHAPS

Strange Denouement Which Rewarded Mrs.  
Wilson's Search.

One morning several years ago Mrs.  
John Wilson, of No. 1911 Franklin  
Avenue, put up a lunch for her hus-  
band, and saw him leave the house in a  
cheerful mood for his daily work, says  
the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Her  
name was then Brown. Her husband  
did not return for supper and his wife  
became frightened. She went to his  
place of employment, but he had not  
been seen there. None of his friends  
had seen him. At last, in her despera-  
tion, she applied to the police, and was  
told that her husband, or a man who  
answered his description, had fallen  
into the river the day before and had  
been drowned. She found the body in  
the Morgue. That was five years ago.  
Some time later she married John Wil-  
son.

One morning in last June Wilson left  
home early to go to work. He tried to  
alight from a moving Broadway cable  
car at President Street, but slipped and  
fell under the wheels. He was picked  
up and sent to the Alexian Brothers' Hos-  
pital in an ambulance. When her hus-  
band did not return that night Mrs.  
Wilson started out to look for him.

She inquired at the different up-town  
hospitals, but he was not found in any  
of them. Through the police she  
learned that her husband had been  
taken to the Alexian Brothers' Hos-  
pital. She called there, only to learn  
that he had died and been taken to the  
Morgue. Here she found the body of  
her second husband, as she had found  
that of her first. They now rest side  
by side.

Hearing Through the Skin.

Experiments to determine how much  
a person may hear through his skin  
have been made by Professor McKen-  
drick. With the fingers dipped in so-  
lutions so that the body formed part  
of the circuit, musical notes were  
transmitted through a telephone and  
were felt by the fingers as thrills cor-  
responding to the intensity and  
rhythm of the note. It is conceived  
that a perfectly deaf person could be  
trained to discriminate by the skin  
between all the sounds of a phono-  
graph, as magnified by the microphone.

## Woman's Dep't.

Co Education in Australia.

At a recent meeting in London, Eng.,  
Sir William Widdowson, M. A., LL. D.,  
a-Chancellor of the University of Syd-  
ney, N. S. W., spoke at length on the  
higher education of women in New  
South Wales, and referred particularly  
to the place of women in colonial uni-  
versities. He said:

Women coming to the University of  
Sydney, found there all the equality of  
advantages with men for the prosecu-  
tion of their education, and the full en-  
joyment of whatever rights and privi-  
leges university membership can give,  
which the most ardent of our English  
university reformers promoting the co-  
education of men and women could de-  
sire. With no nominal restrictions to  
hamper them in the management of  
their university, with no college system  
inspiring universal control, and fear-  
less of the competition of earnest-mind-  
ed women bent on making their uni-  
versity life something more than a pre-  
tence, or putting on that very thin  
veiler of education which a mere pass  
degree represents, the Senate of the  
University of Sydney in 1881 passed a  
resolution admitting women to all ad-  
vanced honors. Since that time wom-  
en have been admitted to its degrees  
precisely on the same conditions as  
men. In 1884 the Legislature of New  
South Wales, adopting the views of the  
university, and to secure a right for  
the women of the colony for all time,  
and beyond the possibility of doubt, the  
privileges accorded them by the Senate  
of the University, passed a measure the  
effect of which was to give women, on  
the same conditions as men, a voice in  
the control of the university by allow-  
ing them, like competent male gradu-  
ates, to take part in the election of the  
senate, the governing body of the  
university. He was glad to think, as  
a graduate of the university, that  
neither the resolution of the sen-  
ate, nor the bill proposing to confer on  
women the full privileges of univer-  
sity membership, was received with any  
unfriendly demonstrations of ignorant  
prejudice, but with an acclamation of  
approbation by Australian undergradu-  
ates.

## A Victim of Legal Justice.

Wendell Phillips says: "I served once  
as a clerk in a court of this (Suffolk)  
county, and I remember a case of a  
woman who earned her daily dollar as  
the pride of her life was a young girl,  
about twenty years of age, who was kept  
from the streets by their grand-  
mother's thrift and toil. It was the last  
remnant of a justifiable pride. She was an  
object of some criticism in the neigh-  
borhood, and was finally dragged into  
court on a charge of theft. Friendless  
she could not get bail, and remained  
nearly a month in the Suffolk County  
Jail. At that time her grandmother, who  
succeeded in getting her out, was sold  
at auction to pay her rent; she had to bor-  
row of her neighbors the means of pay-  
ing her witness and at last, after  
high thirty days, she saw the face of a  
judge for thirty minutes, and the first  
examination of the case showed that it  
was baseless; that it had not a loop  
of shadow of justification; that the con-  
fusion of the magistrate's mind, the con-  
fusion of the jury, was the only thing  
that saved her from a more serious  
punishment. She was released in two  
months, scarred in character, sore with  
the breaking of the only tie that bound  
her to respect, her children paupers,  
and the judge graciously allowed her  
to go. Whose mistake was it that she  
came there? Not hers. She never step-  
ped her foot over the line of the law.  
The State owed her no money. The  
State owed her compensation. The  
State, which had taken the round of  
her domestic and faithless life, owed  
her, in the person of the magistrate,  
a public apology, and then, behind that,  
the ample pecuniary compensation for  
the loss."

## Goat's Milk for Children.

"The superiority of goat's milk for  
feeding infants and young children is  
upheld by many, and it is singular that  
those who resort to the different kinds  
of infant's food invented and sold by  
the trade should not use it more. The  
goat's milk is less liable to tuberculosis,  
the milk is better in feeding power and  
easier of digestion than that of the cow,  
owing probably to the extreme milti-  
tude of the fat particles. In the case of  
babies the cream rises in greater pro-  
portion at the beginning of the day,  
soon after milking, while later it is more  
like skim milk. The goat's milk is more  
palatable to the child, and on a moral  
about to furnish milk in case of change  
of residence. The expense of keeping a  
goat is light, and it is easy to provide  
accommodations for it. In the country  
where there is room for it to roam, it is  
comparatively a small matter to sup-  
port the creature while kept in natural  
bounds."

## Sold to the Owner.

Imagine a clerk trying to sell an ar-  
ticle to his own "boss" and actually ac-  
complishing it and winning an increase  
of salary as a reward! That is what  
happened recently in one of the branch  
stores of Lipton, the great English  
grocer and provision dealer. He has a  
many clerks that some of them do not  
know him by sight. It was one of these  
latter that called Mr. Lipton's attention  
to a fine specimen of poultry as he was  
walking through one of his stores, and  
the clerk was so earnest and ardent in  
extolling his wares that finally the cus-  
tomer ordered it to be sent to his resi-  
dence.

## The Gift.

"I'd give a leg," observed the Horse,  
"to be as popular with the girls as you  
are."

"Yes, but could you deliver the  
goods?" rejoined the Bicycle, some-  
what tauntingly, it would seem.—De-  
troit Journal.

## Twice Blessed.

Why don't you say grace, Polly?"  
"Cos it's only hash, an' I've said  
grace twice on it already."—Pick-Me-  
Up.

"Jane Gray is dreadfully forgetful.  
She's getting so she can't remember  
the least little thing."

"Too bad."

"Yes. She almost went into the  
water yesterday without her bathing  
suit!"—Cleveland Plain.

"Ah! I admire patriotism!" he ex-  
claimed, as he looked at the little house  
tucked away among the trees. Every-  
thing possible about the place is red,  
white and blue.

"Yes; it belongs to a retired barber."  
—Chicago Post.

## What James Was Reading.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a  
scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a  
busy lady.

"That's just the way with you," said  
James, as he put down his book and  
went to the cellar. "You're always  
just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you  
see me enjoying myself you have some-  
thing or other for me to do. Didn't  
you see that I was absorbed in my read-  
ing?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."  
"Yes, and tell everybody your mother  
especially—that you have to carry your  
own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll  
do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book  
at which he had ceased reading and  
when he went down to the cellar, grum-  
bling all the way, she picked up the vol-  
ume and found it was a love story, and  
that the passage he had been absorbed in  
was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I  
will shield and protect you from every  
evil. The winds of heaven shall not  
visit your face roughly; these pretty  
hands shall never be soiled by menial  
tasks; your wish shall be my law; your  
happiness—"

Just then he appeared and, dropping  
the scuttle upon the floor, said:  
"There's your coal! Give me my  
book!"—Tit-Bits.

The Discover of the Gladstone Col-  
lar.

I believe I am generally supposed to  
have invented Mr. Gladstone's collar;  
but as a matter of fact I merely discov-  
ered them. Many men wear collars  
quite as large as, and even larger than,  
his, but they are not so prominent in  
appearance, for the simple reason that  
when Mr. Gladstone laid down it was his  
custom to sit well forward. His body  
being so stout, his collar was pushed  
back into his coat, and his head being  
so high, the collar rose, and owing to  
this circumstance, I have frequently  
seen it looking quite as conspicuous as it  
is depicted in my caricatures.

When Mr. Gladstone, upon one occa-  
sion, met the artist of "Punch" at din-  
ner, I was charged to lead, when he  
walked into the dining-room, that he  
had discovered his usual large collar for  
one of the "unsatisfactory" type. I felt  
that my reputation for accuracy was blig-  
gantly and sought consolation from the  
editor of a Gladstonian organ, who hap-  
pened to be present.

"Yes," he said; "he is evidently  
dressed up to meet the 'Punch' artist.  
He is in the pink of fashion and neatness  
now; but last night, when I met him at  
dinner, his shirt was frayed at the  
edges, and his collar was pushed down  
the evening, and the collar nearly com-  
over his head."—[Gladstonian in the Sep-  
tember Century.

## The German Navy.

A German navy is a quite modern  
thing, and many patriotic Germans can-  
not see much necessity for one. Fred-  
erick the Great, never bothered his head  
about a navy, yet managed to thrash all  
his neighbors, and make of Prussia the  
strongest power in all Europe. His  
successors down to the year 1810 looked  
upon a navy as unnecessary.

In 1814 Blumacher was hard pressed  
for some new toy with which to amuse  
his capricious parliamentary nursery, so  
he hoisted German flags in several  
places along the shores of Africa and  
proclaimed Germany a colonial power;  
and of course colonies must be pro-  
tected, so a navy had to be built.—Har-  
per's Weekly.

## A Tall Denial.

Two little boys were quarrelling, says  
the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." One of  
them made a statement to which the  
other hotly replied:

"That's a sixteen-story lie with a  
roof garden attachment!"

A passer-by, appalled by the magni-  
tude of the definition, stopped and  
said:

"My dear boy, where did you learn  
that, and explanation?"

"Oh," said the little fellow. "I heard  
papa tell mamma it when she said he  
was out with the boys."

And the questioner—a married man—  
passed on.

There is a story told of Charles Keen  
to the effect that his grimaces in Rich-  
ard III. paralyzed all the other actors.  
On one occasion a new man had to take  
the part of the sainted king, who was  
called "Richard." As most people know, when  
asked "Who is there?" he had to say,  
"I am I, my lord; the village cock bath  
just proclaimed the hour of noon."

But Keen was making such fearful  
grimaces at him that the poor fellow  
forgot his part and could only stammer:

"I am I, my lord; 'tis I, my lord; the  
village cock! 'Tis I, my lord; the  
village cock!" And Keen said: "Then  
why the mischief don't you crow?"

The wife of a minister down in Cin-  
cinnati traded a barrel of his ser-  
mons not long ago for a new bread pan.  
The next morning the man came  
round again, and asked if he had any  
more sermons to sell. "Why do you  
want sermons?" "Because I did so  
well with those I got here a year ago.  
I got sick in the summer, and a preach-  
er in the country boarded me and my  
horse three months for that barrel of  
sermons; and he has since got a great  
reputation as a preacher up there. I  
will give you ten cents a pound for all  
you have got."—[Chicago Record.

President John Adams was the son of a  
Massachusetts farmer. James K.  
Polk was a country storekeeper. So  
was Abraham Lincoln. Andrew John-  
son was a tailor and his wife taught  
him how to read. James A. Garfield was  
a mulch driver on the township. Andrew  
Jackson was born in a log hut in the  
woods of North Carolina. James  
Buchanan was born in a log house in  
Pennsylvania.

Awkward Young Dramatist (to man-  
ager)—Might I ask how my three-act  
drama is coming on, sir? Has it been  
accepted?

"The three members of the Reading  
Committee have read it and think it  
will do with one act cut out."

"I am glad to hear it is no worse,  
sir."

"But," continued the manager, "un-  
fortunately, each one wants to strike  
out a different act."—Pilegends.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"What are you crying for, Willie?"  
"Johnny Jones hit me with a rock!"  
"With a stone, you mean. A rock is  
as big as a house!"

"Well, this one felt that big any



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